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The Hawk

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Chapter 1 by Story Wars

I run through the city, on top of a building. I grab the two batons on my waist and jump. I spread out the batons and wings burst out and attach to my waist. My helmet... it looks like a hawk beak. The criminal I have spotted is just in reach. my talons unsheathe and I dive....

Chapter 2 by -



"What the heck?" The man stares at me as I lay holding him to the cement ground.

I look into the man's shocked eyes and realize I had made a mistake.

"Mr. President, I am so..." I shake my head, knowing how dumb this sounds. "So sorry. I thought that, uh --" I could think of no excuses or witty phrases to lighten up the embarrassment we were both feeling right now.

He smiled at me, annoyed and stood up. He brushed his suit off and took out his leather wallet. "Here is my address. Come and visit me sometime." He reached down and grabbed his briefcase.

I didn't even walk

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Chapter 3 by -

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I was intrigued by the man's behavior. How was I to take this sudden invitation - was it an innuendo, or merely a friendly gesture to make me feel better?

I couldn't tell, but I wanted to know. Curiosity egged me on even though my gut reaction was warning me not to go. Not to enter a stranger's home.

I looked down at the card in my hand and compared to the numbers on the apartment. The same. This was *his* room. I quietly rapped on the white washed door with my knuckles. I strained my ears, listening for a rustle from within.

The door cautiously creaked open, and when the man saw me, he pulled it wide and grinned. "So you *have* come..."

He ushered me into the sitting room and motioned me to sit down. Then I was brought a glass of wine. "To your charming ways!" He lifted the crystal up to cheer. But it was an odd thing to drink to - was he being sarcastic?

Chapter 4 by ArchAngel



He took a sip of his wine. "You have become quite the celebrity over the past year Hawk. I've followed your exploits on the news and I'm quite the fan."

The President, was a fan?! "I am honored Mr President."

He waved this away with a smile. "Do you believe in fate Hawk? I think our encounter was destined, and that you have been sent to help me." He rested his hands on the glass table between us, "Can I trust you with a mission of national importance?"

I was intrigued, "Absolutely, I am a true patriot sir."

"I was hoping you would be." He swiped a finger along the edge of the table, and a vector hologram of a mansion sprang up. The details filled in and it was so perfect, the tiny security guards patrolling it looked alive. "Hollander House, owned by billionaire Peter Novakoff. I need

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He almost convinces me. But if this really is the President, shouldn't he be living in the White House, not an apartment in the city? Why doesn't he have a security detail? And surely the President would never have been walking out at night on his own. My hand carefully slides down to my utility belt.

Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8 (1 draft)

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